Millennial Star

Big Ben

No. 18, Vol. 102 Thursday, May 2, 1940

POETRY

LINES TO A CRITIC

Honey from silkworms who can gather,
  Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
  As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
  And men who rail, like thee;
An equal passion to repay
  They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold
  To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold
  Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove
  Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
  How should I then hate thee?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

MUTABILITY

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
  How restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! yet soon
  Night closes round, and they are lost forever:—

Or like forgotten lyres whose dissonant strings
  Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
  One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
  We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day
We feel, conceive, or reason, laugh or weep,
  Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:—

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
  The path of its departure still is free;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
  Nought may endure but Mutability.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

No. 18, Vol. 102 | Thursday, May 2, 1940 | Price Two Pence

The MILLENNIAL STAR is published weekly by the British Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Subscription price: 1s. 8d. for three months; 3s. 4d. for six months; and 6s. 6d. per year.

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Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.—Matthew 7: 21

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

"BIG BEN," London's leading land-mark has given unfailing service to hundreds of thousands of people since 1858. Its melodious chimes tell the time of day to people of all-England. This is the type of service man can rely on. See page 274.

Service

By Richard L. Evans

(Of the First Council of the Seventy)

Richard L. Evans

"THERE are two things that enter into the life of every man: Those things which we plan for ourselves, and those things which enter into our lives in spite of all our plans. Sometimes, happily, we fare better than we had honestly hoped, and sometimes, unhappily, we find we fall far short of achieving those things for which we have striven. But no matter how well we seem to control those elements which affect our lives, there are always to be considered things unlooked for. Surely it must be better that way. It would be difficult to imagine a more unsatisfactory existence than the life of a man into which nothing unexpected ever came. Furthermore, it is all part of a great plan. The Lord still chasteneth whom he loveth, and all those things which come into our lives in spite of our best laid plans, are part of the education and enriching experience of every child of God who walks the earth. We may think what we would like for ourselves, and then, in the spirit of that resignation born of faith, we must reconcile ourselves at one time or another, to say as in the words of the hymn we often sing, 'I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord; I'll be what you want me to be."

I knew, when I sent out these words to a nation-wide radio audience that they were true, but I did not know that they would return home so quickly. It is a conclusive thing for a man to stand convicted by his own words.

My association with the General Authorities of the Church dates back to about eleven years ago, perhaps a little more, at which time I did not have a speaking acquaintance—with one exception, I think—with any of the General Authorities. At that time I found myself in the British Mission as a young man under twenty-one years of age and was aware of the penetrating eyes of Dr. James E. Talmage looking at me during my first meeting with him at a conference of the Norwich District, shortly after which I was called into the European Mission office at Liverpool and became associated with him in the editorship of the "Millennial Star." Under his tutelage I found myself squirming at times, but nevertheless greatly benefitted by his rigid scrutiny and exacting requirements. It was a good experience. And I love and honour the memory of the man who so painstakingly troubled himself to train me in ways of precision and exactitude, when ofttimes it would have been much less trouble for him to have done the task in hand himself.

That was followed by the coming of Dr. John A. Widtsoe, and I learned more from him. The rapidity with which he worked, the breadth of his knowledge and abilities, his power to use other men and to help them realize themselves were a source of constant inspiration.

Under him I later became secretary of the European Mission and visited countries from the Mediterranean up to beyond

the Arctic Circle, and my heart is filled with thanks to him also for his belief in a young man.

Since that time it has been my privilege to become acquainted with all of the General Authorities of the Church, and their lives have been a testimony to me, because I know that they would not be doing the things they are doing, and would not have left the things they have left, to do the things they are now doing, except that they know of a surety that this is the work of the Lord, and must go forward.

It has been a gratifying experience to me to be associated in the editorship of " The Improvement Era." I struggled with myself for more than six months from the time the Presidency first called me over and suggested that I take the editorship of this magazine, until the time that it was actually undertaken. They did not make their request in the nature of a call. They left it entirely to my judgment, and it took me six months to reach the conclusion that they would not have called me over there if they had not wanted me to do it; but this realization finally settled upon my consciousness and I made the change —for what reason I did not know at the time. I was very grateful that the Presidency have left me some radio activity, because it has meant much to me and I feel that the results are gaining.

I spent a good part of the day once trying to find sympathy from some of these my brethren, the General Authorities. I found none, so I decided to like what has befallen me. President Clark told me that they had all been through it, and I might just as well cheer up. I reminded him that he had not been called into the work at my age, and President McKay reminded me that he had; and President Grant reminded me also that no one who ever wanted one of these positions ever got one. So with all these unanswerable rebuttals, and finding no sympathy, I sincerely decided to like my lot.

At an annual testimony meeting of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association some months ago, I stated that the two paramount immediate ambitions I had were to assist in the editing of the best Church magazine in the world, and to assist in the production of what I hoped to be the best Church radio programme in the world. So far as I am aware, my immediate ambitions have not changed. My remote ambitions will either have to be abandoned or await the direction of these my brethren, in whose keeping I find myself, and whose associations I love, and whose judgment I trust.

I have often pondered, in my own mind, the reasons why our missionary results have not been comparable to those of the early missionaries to Great Britain, into which history I delved at some length in the immediate past. When I learned of penniless missionaries converting whole communities and baptizing thousands of souls, I was worried and puzzled in some respects, wondering what was lacking in that we are not doing the same today. I have subsequently concluded that there are at least two partial explanations. One is that the Lord ad-

vised the Prophet in that day that the field was white and ready to harvest, and indeed it was. Another is that our advantages today are comparatively not as great, or not as much greater than theirs, as it would seem, because we must keep in mind that every means that is being used for the promulgation of the truth is also being used for the promulgation of untruth.

That is why we must not be found sleeping at any time. That is why we must be diligent with every means at our command, to use all modern facilities with greater intelligence, with greater foresight and with greater effectiveness. This we will do increasingly, I feel sure.

Those who were close to my feelings when the announcement of my appointment to the First Council of Seventy was made, were aware that if there had been any way to turn back in honour I would have done so, but I do not know to what point I would have turned back, and I realize keenly that there was no turning back—that turning back would have been turning away.

If I had been of a mind to turn back I should have done it at my mother's knee. I should have done it before she taught me to pay out my first few pennies in tithing. I should have done it before her firm and gentle hand directed my steps into the ways of truth. I should have done it before I came up through the auxiliary organizations of this Church; before I went on a mission; before I went into the service of the Mutual Improvement Association and "The Improvement Era." It was only necessary for me to think quietly for a few moments to see that there is no turning back for a Latter-day Saint, and he who thinks there is. finds himself not turning back but turning away. I think that lesson may well come into the lives of all of us.

I am grateful for the opportunity to serve. I have appreciated the kindness, the fatherliness of President Grant, President Clark, President McKay, Dr. Widtsoe, Brother Bowen, and all these brethren. They have all been kind, considerate and helpful to me. My own father died as the result of an accident when I was ten weeks old. My mother reared a family of nine children, all of whom at that time were under eighteen. With a meagre and unreliable income, she immediately sent my eldest brother on a mission. Such faith as that in the home in which I was reared, could only produce one result, and the result is that all of my nine brothers and sisters have come up through the programme of the Church to be a credit to my mother and to all that this Church stands for.

★

ARRIVALS AND ASSIGNMENTS

Elder James P. Hill was set apart as a Missionary on Sunday, April 21st, by Mission President Andre K. Anastasiou, and will continue his labours in the Mission Presidency, Associate-Editor to the "Millennial Star," and President of the British Mission Y.M.M.I.A.

Elders George Pitts and Frederick Beckingham were set apart as part-time Missionaries to labour in the London District, on Sunday, April 7th, and Wednesday, April 24th, respectively.

★

Open To Criticism

WHEN a man accepts the leading part in any dramatic venture he must realise that he will necessarily be in the limelight, and will therefore be seen more clearly and to better advantage than anyone else on the stage. The spotlight will be frequently focussed upon him and will display his every movement and exaggerate it. Care and confidence under such conditions is essential or he will be shown to disadvantage and the first to notice this will be the critic.

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"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

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When a man takes upon himself the responsibility of leadership in any community he must realise that he will be in full view of all under his control, and he must be prepared to be subjected to the spotlight of criticism. Few men are so fitted to their position and so capable of fulfilling their duties that they will escape its nerve-stringing effect entirely. In certain cases it will not be so intensified as others. It may be directed at him from an angle, in which case his power of concentration and the amount of effort he is putting into his part may be such that his attention will not be diverted. If it is, then he must make an immediate recovery, allowing the momentary sideglance involuntarily bestowed upon the distraction in the first place to suffice.

There will be a time, however, when the spotlight will be focussed upon him directly from the front. That will be the time when he will needs be most careful and confident, for he must realise and endure the sensation of 100,000 pairs of eyes upon him like 100,000 pin-points of fire, disintegrating his very body before his eyes. He will hear the whispers of 100,000 tongue-daggers making incisions in his very soul.

If then, his courage cannot match such an emergency he will fail, and like the inexperienced "extra" forget his lines, muff his action, and develop "stage-fright."

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GOD GAVE US THE GIFT OF FAITH THAT WE MIGHT DEVELOP THAT QUIET CONFIDENCE WITH WHICH TO FACE AND DEFEAT THESE EFFORTS OF THE ADVERSARY . . . . . BUT

BEWARE THE CRITIC !

—James P. Hill

Added Upon

A STORY

By Nephi Anderson

PART SECOND

SECTION V—(Continued)

Begin Story Here

The story thus far has dealt with man in his pre-existent state and the alternate plans of salvation offered by Lucifer and Jesus Christ respectively. Satan (Lucifer) is cast out through his sinful ideas and the spirits commence to enter the earth life. . . .

To which we are transferred, and introduced to Rupert Ames, his mother and sister, a trio of farming folk. While out admiring his farm, one morning, Rupert notices a horse and buggy coming towards the bridge he was to repair. The occupant was pitched into the dry bottom of the canal. She was Miss Virginia Wilton, a school teacher, who was taken to his home till she recovered. Later, Rupert became acquainted with her and she became his "promised wife." . . .

The scene changes to the country called Norway, where a farm girl, Signe Dahl, is told by her father to marry Hr. Bogstad, a rich young man of Nordal, who had fallen heir to a large estate. To this Signe refused; so at last she obtained her parents' consent, and sailed to America.

"SIGNE," said he, after supper, "I can guess pretty well why you came home so soon. I had a talk with Hr. Bogstad before he went to the *saeter*."

The girl's heart beat rapidly, but she said nothing.

"Did he speak to you about—why did you run away from him, girl?"

"Father, you know I don't like Hr. Bogstad. I don't know why; he is nice and all that, but I don't like him anyway."

"You have such nonsensical ideas!" exclaimed the father, and he paused before her in his impatient pacing back and forth. "He, the gentleman, the possessor of thousands. Girl, do know what you are doing when you act like this? Can't you see that we are poor; that your father is worked to death to provide for you all? That if you would treat him as you should, we would be lifted out of this, and could get away from this rock-ribbed island on to some land with soil on? Our future would be secure. Can't you see it, girl? O, you little fool, for running away from such a man. Don't you know he owns us all, as it were?"

"No, father, he does not."

"The very bread you eat and the water you drink come from his possessions."

"Still, he does not own us all. He does not own me, nor shall he as long as I feel as I do now, and as long as there is other land and other water and other air to which he can lay no claim."

"I tell you, girl, there shall be no more foolishness. You shall do as I want you, do you hear!"

Signe arose to go, but her father caught her forcibly by the arm.

"Sit down and listen to me," he said.

The girl began to cry, and the mother interposed: "Never mind, father; you know it's useless to talk to her now. Let her go and milk the cow. It's getting late."

SECTION VI.

"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee."—Gen. 12: 1

Signe Dahl sat in the little coupe of the railroad train which was carrying her to Christiania. An hour ago she had boarded the train at Holmen, the nearest station to Nordal. Early that morning she had tearfully kissed them all good-bye and had begun her journey to that haven of rest from old country oppressions—America. She and her mother had planned it, and the father had at last given his consent. It was all the outcome of Hr. Bogstad's persistent devotions to the family on the island in the lake.

Tiring of the scenery, Signe took from a bundle a letter. She opened it and read:

"I wrote you a letter a week ago, describing our trip up to that time. I hope you have received it. You know I have no eye for the beautiful, but I did the best I could. You should have been along and seen it all yourself.

"And now I write you again, because, dear friend, I have heard a rumour from home that you are going to America. It is news to me if it is true. Dear Signe, don't. Wait, at least, until I can see you again, because I have something to tell you whether you go or stay. I am coming home as fast as steam can carry me. Please, don't run off like that. Why should you? I ask myself. But there, it's only rumour. You're not going, and I'll see you again in a few days, when I shall tell you all about the rest of the trip."

A smile played on Signe's face, but it soon changed to a more sober expression. What was she to cause such a commotion in the life of a man like Hr. Bogstad? That he was in earnest she knew. And here she was running away from him. He would never see her again. How disappointed he would be!

Surely the smile changed to a tear, for she wiped one away from her cheek.

To Signe, the journey that day was made up of strange thoughts and experiences. The landscape, the stopping at the stations, the coming and going of people, Hr. Bogstad's letter, the folks at home, the uncertain future,—all seemed to mingle and to form one chain of thought, which ended only when the train rolled into the glass-covered station at Christiania.

(Continued on page 282)

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1940

EDITORIAL

Around The Corner

AS the traveller on the highway approaches a turn in the road he may be able to see only that far, but as he rounds the corner he may find the road stretching out long and straight before him, revealing to view the conditions he shall encounter for miles ahead. This is sometimes true on the man-made courses of ordinary travel. Except by inspired vision it is never true on the great highway of life. We have just rounded the corner, as man has marked it in the calendar, on life's great highway, but not one of us can see what lies ahead. True, the intelligence of man quickened by divine light and supported by the experience of the ages will try to log the route ahead for a space, but it is largely a guess and the most optimistic guesser of today may tomorrow be in the world of spirits while friends are tenderly caring for the lifeless tabernacle of clay in which he had lived.

None of us can tell what tomorrow will bring. Man may plan his programme and bolster it with every available security possible. Yet unforeseen opposition may flank his defence and all his efforts, crumble in wreckage and ruin.

Does this then mean that man is born to doubt and despair? On the contrary it lays the foundation for and makes essential to success the most dynamic force of life. It was in the great scheme of things that in this life "We walk by *faith*, not by sight." If we could see and know all as we move through life, there would be no place nor need of hope and faith and the purpose for which man was given mortal life, would be frustrated. Take hope and faith out of the human heart and you have removed the mainspring of life and effort.

"Faith is the revealer of knowledge; it is the office of reason to defend that knowledge and to preserve it pure. Independent knowledge—the knowledge that comes not through faith—whether it be of things earthly or things heavenly, never can be ours."—Sunday School Times

"All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world."—James Freeman Clarke

To become aware of the great world of truth in which we live and to make that truth ours, we must grow from desire to belief, then to faith, then to knowledge. When faith in some things has grown into knowledge, that knowledge strengthens and supports faith in allied or kindred truths.

Adult Latter-day Saints who have lived according to the rules of their religion have ascended this path of progress and arrived at the goal of undeniable knowledge on certain points of truth. They know that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God in the same way that Jesus said Peter knew it. They know that God is literally their Father, that He lives and rules in heaven and will finally consumate all His designs for the eternal welfare and happiness of His children. They know that the best way of life has been mapped out for man; that God's own Son, begotten in heaven and on earth, came here to make sure the eternal life of man and to give us the pattern of life. They know that God has in this age revealed His identity to a world that has lost image of Him. That He has again established on earth, with divine authority for its operation, the one true plan by which eternal life and endless joy are made possible. They know that if they live in strict accord with the pattern so laid down, they will ultimately achieve complete success and a fulness of joy. Friends may forsake them, drought may ruin their crops, financial reverses may come, wars may rage in the world about them, earthquakes may shake down the construction efforts of the centuries, snuffing out the lives of thousands; disease may ravage the land and floods and famine spread destruction and want.

None of these nor all of them combined can move one who knows that he is a child of Him who made and rules the universe and that his destiny is to live with God and become like Him. Such a one knows that the ills of the world are of man's ill doing and that though the righteous may temporarily suffer with the transgressor, time will bring complete recompense and right will reign.

"We walk by faith," but with that faith based on the knowledge that is ours, we may walk in confidence. By the gift of prophecy we are advised of the evils that are to fill the earth in the last days and by that same gift we know that these are the last days. But prophecy also tells us of the glory that shall follow for those who have kept in the path that has been divinely marked out.—Ezra L. Marler

ADDED UPON

(Continued from page 279)

At the steamship office she learned that the steamer was not to sail for three days. So Signe meant to see what she could of the city. It was her first visit to the capital, and perhaps her last. She would make the best of her time. She had no friends in the city, but that did not hinder her from walking out alone. In the afternoon of the second day, Signe went to the art gallery, and that was the end of her sightseeing to other parts. She lingered among the paintings of the masters and the beautiful chiselled marble—the first she had seen—until the attendant reminded her that it was time to close.

That evening the landlady informed her that a visitor had been inquiring for her during the day, a gentleman. Who could it be? He was described, and then Signe knew that it was Hr. Bogstad. He had said that he could call again in the evening.

Signe was troubled. What should she do? He was following her, but they must not meet. It would do no good. The steamer was to sail tomorrow, and she would go on board that night.

Among the crowd of people that came to see the steamer sail, Signe thought she caught sight of Hr. Bogstad elbowing through the throng to get to the ship. Bu he was too late. The third bell had rung, the gangplank was being withdrawn, and the vessel was slowly moving away. Signe had concealed herself among the people, but now she pressed to the railing and waved her handkerchief with the rest.

All went well for a week. Signe had not suffered much from seasickness, but now a storm was surely coming. Sailors were busy making everything snug and tight; and the night closed in fierce and dark, with the sea spray sweeping the deck.

Signe staggered down into the dimly lighted steerage. Most of the poor emigrants had crawled into their bunks, and were rolling back and forth with each lurch of the ship. Signe sat and talked with a Danish girl, each clinging to a post.

"I don't feel like going to bed," said the girl.

"Nor I. What a night it is!"

"Do you think we shall get safely across?"

"Why, certainly," replied Signe. "You mustn't be frightened at a storm."

"I try not to be afraid, but I'm such a coward."

"Think about something pleasant, now," suggested the other. "Remember where you're going and whom you are going to meet."

The girl from Denmark had confided to Signe that she was going to join her lover in America.

The girl tried to smile, and Signe continued: "What a contrast between us. I am running away; you are going to meet someone—"

(Continued on page 287)

The Importance Of The Improbable

By Dr. Harvey Fletcher

Director of Physical Research, Bell Telephone Laboratories; and President of New York Stake

IN dealing with any statistical problem, we talk in terms of averages and sometimes forget that things and events which are calculated to be extremely improbable, actually do happen.

A few years ago, the newspapers carried an account of an extraordinary happening which took place in Monte Carlo, in southern France. Tourists are frequently attracted to the great Casino, where gambling is permitted. A certain man, who evidently was a tourist, watched at the tables and became very fascinated. He repeated this performance every night for nearly a week. Then he said to the astonished attendant that he wanted to place a bet. The astonishment of the attendant increased when he was told that the stranger wanted to bet £20 on a twenty to one shot.

The chances for the dial to stop on his number were twenty against him to one for him; however, it did stop on his number.

The bankers quickly piled on his number £400 in chips, and spun the wheel again, thinking of course that this time he would lose. The stranger sat with hands under his chin and a very serious look in his eyes. There was considerable commotion when the dial came the second time to his number, and his winnings were then twenty times £400 or £8,000.

The bankers hurriedly piled the earnings on the same spot a third time, almost certain that this time they would recover all their losses. The stranger did not demur, but sat with a fixed gaze, looking at the wheel as it spun the third time. All the patrons of the Casino had stopped their betting and were looking intently on the outcome of this stupendous gamble. They could hardly believe their eyes when the wheel again stopped on the winning number.

On seeing the result, the managers promptly told the patrons that the house would have to close, as the winning of £160,000 had broken the bank. As some of the patrons rushed over to congratulate the stranger, who was still sitting with a fixed gaze, they were shocked to find that he was dead.

Let me give just one more illustration, taken this time from the field of astronomy. As we look up into the heavens on a clear night, we see a multitude of stars, which seem to be almost touching one another. The stars are great suns like our own sun, but many, many miles away. As a matter of fact, it takes light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second several years to go from one of these stars to its nearest neighbour. For illustration, if we choose a scale so that our sun would be about the size of an orange, the nearest star

would be another orange somewhere in China. If we now had devices which would hurl these two oranges into space in any random direction at a velocity of thirty miles a second, what would be the chance of their hitting each other? You might say that the thing is absurd, and that there is no chance that they would collide; but there is a small chance—less than one in a billion. Yet scientists tell us that this highly improbable thing did happen to our own sun many thousands of years ago, whether by chance or by direction, and the importance of this improbable happening was to bring into being our own planetary system of worlds, one of which, the earth, is our present abode.

In our daily affairs of life, we are continually seeing those things happen which to us may seem highly improbable and to others certain events connected with the coming forth of our religion, when considered purely from a rational standpoint, seem highly improbable. They seem so improbable that it is often very difficult, if not impossible, to convince others of their truth by using reasoning methods alone. While they have in them nothing of the elements of the "gambler's chance," viewed from our limited perspective, they still seem to be improbable. Consider the virgin birth of Jesus. The idea that this miracle actually happened is scoffed at among coldly calculating men and women—even among those who call themselves Christians. They argue that, if you ask this mother and that mother, until you have asked a million or even a hundred million mothers, you will always receive the same answer: that it has not happened to them. And yet, the improbable did happen, and under such humble circumstances that it created little curiosity. But look at the tremendous consequences of that event which was so seemily improbable judged by standards of pure logic and reason. Nothing has had such a deep effect upon the shaping of human lives and the destinies of nations as the birth, the life, and the resurrection of Jesus.

And so, when some of our young people who have begun to have a little higher learning (so-called) begin to wag their heads in doubt when reading or discussing Joseph Smith's first vision, they should think twice before making a decision. Highly improbable from some points of view, yes; but as I have tried to show, highly improbable things do happen, whether by chance or by direction, and when they occur, their impact upon society is very great. And so, this great event, although cast aside in most intellectual circles as unbelievable, because so improbable, will go on shaping the lives of millions of individuals and will yet be a major factor in the destinies of nations.

And, let it be remembered that when we accept the existence of a Higher Intelligence guiding human affairs, that which seems improbable to the human mind is but a manifestation of an intelligence above that possessed by us. Man does not know everything—therefore, that which seems improbable to him, may be the most probable to One who knows more.

The Word Of Wisdom

A MODERN INTERPRETATION

By John A. Widtsoe and Leah D. Widtsoe

INSTALMENT IX—GRAINS (continued)

THE body needs sugar; it is a physiological necessity, for it is found as glucose in the blood (about one part to one thousand) and provides fuel for heat and muscular energy. However, there is much difference, in sugar concentration, between the sweet foods that occur in nature and those manufactured from cane or sugar beets. Pure sugar is one of the most concentrated foods known, one lump containing an amount equal to that found in about three feet of sugar cane. In Mexico and other countries where the diet is more simple, sugar cane is sold on the markets and is used as a natural sweet-meat. This is desirable, for then the teeth get exercise and the minerals as well as the natural sweets are obtained from the juice. In the manufacture of sugar the mineral content of the cane or beet passes into the molasses, which in the case of beets is never used for human food. Even nature's sweet foods, fresh or dried fruits, honey or syrup, are good foods, but their proper use should be understood and followed; they should be eaten moderately, usually as a dessert.

There are many disadvantages resulting from the excessive use of sugar as food. It is an artificially prepared product, is totally lacking in proteins, mineral salts and vitamins. It is distinctly a habit-forming food; those who have never used it do not like it, but a taste for it is easily acquired, after which one is tempted to overeat on sweet foods which leads to an unbalanced diet. This habit-forming nature has contributed greatly to the consumption of sugar.

The process of starch and sugar digestion is well known. The gland known as the pancreas secretes a digestive fluid which is emptied into the upper small intestine. This secretion contains a hormone called insulin which tends to lower the concentration of glucose in the blood, and is essential for the utilization of all carbohydrate food—starches and sugars.

McCollum states that:

"Sugar, being readily soluble, is quickly absorbed from the digestive tract, and if eaten too freely at one time tends to enter the blood faster than the liver and other tissues can abstract it and causes a high tide of sugar in the blood. It is not improbable that when this high tide of sugar occurs the pancreas puts out more insulin than is necessary, thus putting a strain on the insulin-forming structures. If this is true, eating excessively of sugar over a considerable period may tend to bring on diabetes. . . . Nature did not intend that we should eat freely of the simple sugars and did not make them available. She gave us much starch instead. This was a wise provision, since starches eaten with an ordinary meal require several hours for complete digestion and absorption, hence the resulting glucose enters the blood slowly and does not cause the high tide of blood sugar."

When one overeats on starches, which become sugar in digestion, and eats sweets as well, the pancreas becomes overworked and loses its power to dispose of the sugar which then

accumulates in the blood and is excreted in the urine. The result is the disease diabetes which follows an insufficient supply of insulin. Many food experts claim that the excessive use of carbohydrates, sugars and starch in the diet may be the direct cause of diabetes, and all agree that the increased use of these foods certainly does greatly aggravate the disease. Dr. Plimmer states:

"The Americans, with their love of candy, are the largest sugar eaters in the world. Incidentally, cancer and diabetes, two scourges of civilization, have increased proportionately to the sugar consumption."

In the United States alone diabetes has doubled its incidence since 1900 and cancer has come to be the second greatest cause of death among all classes. The cause of these diseases is not definitely known, but wrong diet, including excessive eating of meat and sweets, may safely be said to aggravate them. The over-use of sugar in the daily diet certainly irritates the delicate lining membrane of the alimentary tract, and persistent irritation predisposes it to the formation of ulcers, as is well known. Excessive use of sweets also affects adversely the liver and kidneys, with a consequent lowered resistance to disease.

All foods rich in sugar, such as sweets, syrups, jams, jellies, "soda fountain treats," and rich, sweet desserts, should be eaten in great moderation and never between meals nor on an empty stomach. This is especially true for children who should receive much of their sugar supply from sweet fruits, honey, molasses and first-class sweets used with wisdom as dessert. Mary Swartz Rose is authority for the statement that sweets and the "delectables of the soda fountain and ice cream parlour," should be avoided by everyone except at the end of a regular meal. Even then they are not desirable for children. She and other experts agree that sweets should not be eaten by children until after their fifth year and then only the simplest kind and a minimum quantity as a dessert. Cheap, highly coloured sweets should be avoided.

After a meal, a sweet dish, not too heavy or rich, gives one a satisfied feeling; but the habit of eating rich desserts is an acquired taste. The French and other continental peoples usually serve after a meal a very simple dessert, or more often some fruit in season. This latter custom is by far more hygienic. If heavy desserts are desired they should follow light meals; with a light dessert after a heavy meal.

The Word of Wisdom Confirmed. The Word of Wisdom advises the use of grains as food. It declares all grains good for man. Science has confirmed this view. They may be (and in the temperate climates they should be) "the staff of life." Everyone should use intelligence and demand that foods shall be as nature intended and that dependance shall not be placed on devitalised foods or a "broken staff."

Again the Word of Wisdom points the way to health and happiness; and again the prophetic power of Joseph Smith is made evident.

(To be continued)

ADDED UPON

(Continued from page 282)

Crash! A blow struck the ship and shook it from end to end; and presently the machinery came to a full stop. Then there was hurrying of feet on deck, and they could hear the boatswain's shrill pipe, and the captain giving commands. The steerage was soon a scene of terror. Those who rushed up the stairs were met with fastened doors, and were compelled to remain below. Women screamed and prayed and raved. Then the steward came in, and informed them that there was no danger, and the scene somewhat quieted down. On further inquiry it was learned that they had collided with another ship. Some damage had been done forward, but there was no further damage. However, very few slept that night, and when morning broke, clear and beautiful, with glad hearts they rushed up into the open air.

If Signe had not been so poor, and had not refused help from Hr. Bogstad, she would have taken second class passage. But now, thank God for being poor and—independent!

In another week they landed at New York, and each went her own way. Signe Dahl took the first train for Chicago.

(To be continued)

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Important

THE Centenary of the "Millennial Star" approaches and a Special Souvenir Edition is being planned for this occasion. In conjunction with this the "Star" announces a poetry and story contest. Two prizes of the book "A Century Of Mormonism In Great Britain" by Richard L. Evans will be awarded to the best poem entitled the "Millennial Star" expressing sentiments appropriate to this occasion, to be not longer than twenty-five lines in length, and for the best story pertaining to "The Millennial Star At Home."

Entries must be mailed as soon as possible and the latest date for receipt of these will be May 16th. They should be addressed to "Poetry Contest" or "Story Contest," "Millennial Star" Office, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

★

DEATHS

FIRBY—Sister Bessie Firby, aged 63 years, passed away after a short illness on Tuesday, March 12th. She was buried in Plymouth. Both Brother and Sister Firby resided for some time in Salt Lake City and had the privilege of doing Temple work for many hundreds of names.

HOLMES—On Sunday, April 14th, Sister Ellen Holmes, aged 81 years, passed away in the Darlington Municipal Hospital. She was buried at Shildon on Wednesday, April 17th. Funeral services, conducted by Brother George Wappett, were held in the home of her daughter. Brother William B. Wiseman dedicated the grave.

From the Mission Field

DOINGS IN THE DISTRICTS

Bristol

The Presidency of the Plymouth Branch was re-organised on Tuesday, April 16th, under the direction of Mission President Andre K. Anastasiou. The brethren previously holding office were released owing to serving in H.M. Forces. Brother G. H. Firby was sustained as President of the Branch with Brother W. J. Coombes as first counsellor and Sister Maggie Mavin as branch clerk.

Hull

Relief Society Conference was held in the Gainsborough Branch on Sunday, March 31st. A re-organisation of officers was effected as follows:—Sister Ellen Cavanagh was sustained as President, with Sisters Maggie Dunstan, Rosa Litchett, and Florence Litchett as first and second counsellors and secretary, respectively.

Leeds

A Green and Gold Ball was held in the Bradford Chapel on Easter Saturday, March 23rd, when about 100 saints and friends attended.

On Easter Monday, March 25th, under the direction of the District Presidency, about 60 saints and friends went on a ramble to Ilkley Moor. In the evening, returning to Bradford Hall, a social was held under the direction of Brother Wallace Perry of the Welsh District.

Manchester

On Saturday, March 16th, a banquet was held in the Rochdale Branch to commemorate the 98th anniversary of the Relief Society, under the direction of Sister Sarah Kelsh. Speeches afterwards were made by Sister Florence Allsop, District Supervisor, and Sister Brown, the oldest members of the branch.

A special programme was also presented by the Relief Society on Sunday, March 17th. The speakers included Sister Clara Teale K. Woodhead, and Branch President Frank Kelsh. A musical item was rendered by the Priesthood Chorus, and a snowdrop was given to each member of the Relief Society present.

Commemorating the 110th anniversary of the organisation of the Church, the Oldham Branch held a special service on Sunday, April 7th. Speakers were District President George Dale, Branch President John Massey, and Brother A. Knox of Manchester.

Opening social of the Primary organisation in the Oldham Branch was held on April 10th, under the direction of Sisters Winnie Hughes, Emma Wynn, and Eileen Nelson. Game contests were held, prizes being awarded to the winners. The children rendered various numbers on the programme and refreshments were served.

Scottish

The Scottish District Conference was held on Sunday, April 14th, in Glasgow. A Sunday School programme was presented in the morning session (at which local auxiliary authorities also spoke), conducted by Brother Robert McQueen.

President A. B. McGowan conducted the evening session at which 43 people were present.

★

PERSONAL

NEALE—To celebrate the Golden Wedding anniversary of Brother and Sister Henry Neale, of Bristol Branch, a social was held at Zion Hall, Bristol. The hall was specially decorated, and in the musical programme, many members of the Neale family rendered items. A gift presentation was made by members of the Bristol Branch.

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

★

Aberdeen:
Corn Exchange,
5, Hadden Street.

Accrington:
*L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.

Airdrie:
‡L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.

Barnsley:
Arcade Buildings.

Batley:
*L. D. S. Hall,
Purwell Lane.

Belfast:
†Arcade Buildings,
122, Upper North St.

Birmingham:
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street.
Handsworth.
Council Schools,
Stratford Road,
Sparkbrook.

Blackburn:
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Chambers,
Lord Street, West.

Bradford:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
Off City Road.

Brighton:
50a, Compton Ave.

Bristol:
L. D. S. Hall, Zion Rd.,
off Clarence Road.

Burnley:
§L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.

Bury:
L. D. S. Chapel.
15, Broad Street,

Carlisle:
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.

Cheltenham-Stroud:
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
Off North Place,
Cheltenham.

Clayton:
*Central Hall.

Derby:
Unity Hall.

Doncaster:
*L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.

Dublin:
†L. D. S. Hall,
8. Merrion Row.

Eastwood:
Library, Church St.

Edinburgh:
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.

Gainsborough:
L. D. S. Hall,
4B, Silver Street.

Gateshead:
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.

Glasgow:
South Side
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl.,C.5.

Gravesend:
16, Austin Road.

Grimsby:
Boardman Hall,
East Marsh Street,

Guisborough:
L.D.S. Hall,
Back of 13 Church St.

Halifax:
*L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
Off Hansen Lane.

Hucknall:
*Byron Buildings.

Hull:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.

Hyde:
L. D. S. Hall,
29, Beeley Street.

Kidderminster:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.

Leeds:
*L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.

Leicester:
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.

Letchworth:
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.

Liverpool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.

London:
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane
S.W.12.
57, King Alfred's Ave
Catford.
58, Wellesley Road,
Gunnersbury, W.4.

Loughborough:
Adult School.

Lowestoft:
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.

Luton:
Dallow Road Hall.
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.

Mansfield:
39a, Albert Street.

Manchester:
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road.
C. on M.

Merthyr Tydfil:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.

Middlesbrough:
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
Off Linthorpe Road.

Nelson:
*L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.

Northampton:
*L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.

Nottingham:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.

Norwich:
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.

Nuneaton:
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.

Oldham:
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.

Plymouth:
L. D. S. Hall,
114, Tavistock Road,
Park Street.

Pontllanfraith:
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street

Preston, Lancs:
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham St.
Off Fishergate.

Rawmarsh:
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.

Rochdale:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff St.

Sheffield:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.

Shildon:
*L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.

South Shields:
L.D.S. Hall,
36, Fowler Street.

Staffordshire:
Washington Bldgs.,
Wolverhampton.

St. Albans:
49, Spencer Street.

Sunderland:
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.

Tipton, Wolverhampton:
L. D. S. Hall,
Washington Building,
Berry Street.

Varteg:
Memorial Hall.

West Hartlepool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.

Wigan:
*L and Y Station.

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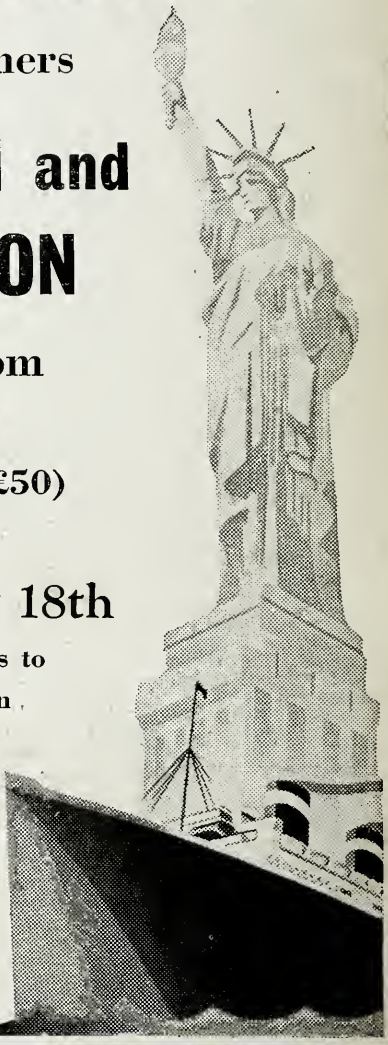

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